DC
CARTOON NETWORK
#69
APR '03
SCOOBY-DOO!
OH, THESE OLD-FASHIONED STREETS ARE JUST DARLING!
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, SOMETHING JUST REACHES OUT AND GRABS YOU!
JOEY RAME
DIRECT SALES
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SEATTLE. IN THE EARLY 1850s, SETTLERS NAMED THIS SEASIDE AREA AFTER THE DUWAMISH INDIAN CHIEF SEALTH.
BY THE LATE 1890s, LUMBER, SHIPPING, AND IMMIGRATION HAD MADE SEATTLE A PLACE PEOPLE NEVER WANTED TO LEAVE.
DCSD206
AND SOME OF THEM DIDN'T!
THIEF! THIEF!
YOU'LL PAY FOR YOUR TRANSGRESSIONS!
WE'LL 'AVE WHAT'S OURS, WE WILL, GIRLIE!
OH!
Coffee
GROCER
SARDINES
WE'VE COME FOR YOU! WE'VE COME FOR YOU ALL!

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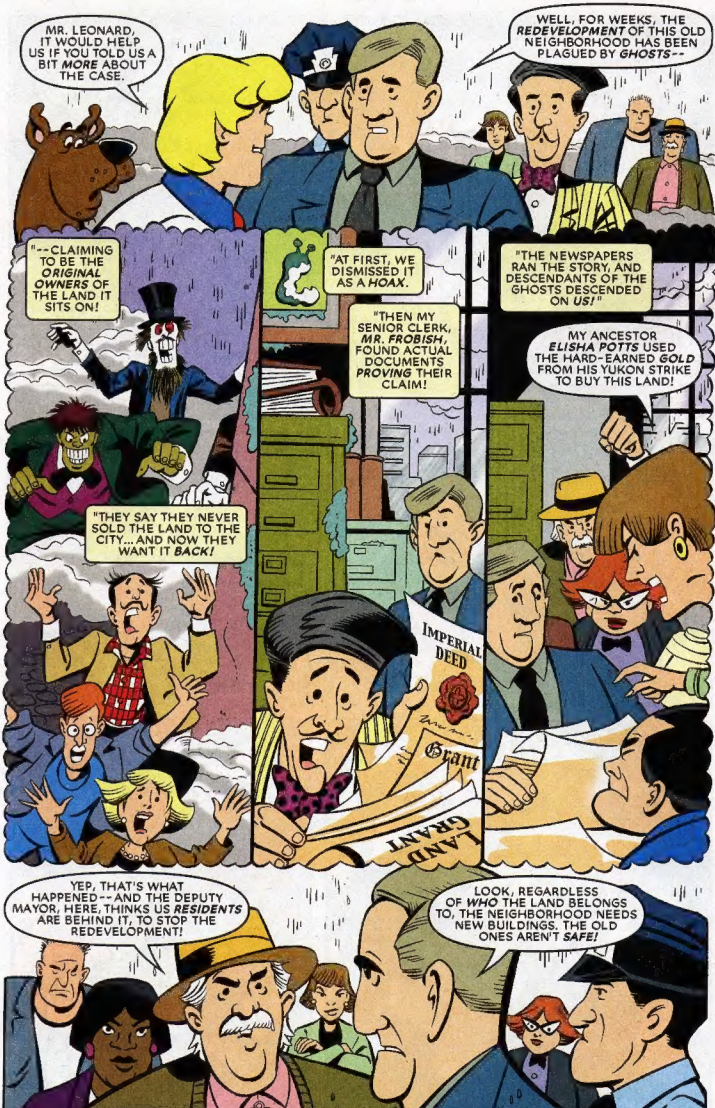
THIS TIME THE PLAN *WORKED*, AND WE'RE--
...LEFT EMPTY-HANDED *AGAIN*.
I DON'T GET IT. THEY WERE RIGHT BEHIND ME!
IT'S JUST LIKE *DEPUTY MAYOR LEONARD* TOLD US. THEY TERRORIZE ANYONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, EVEN THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS HERE. THEN THEY DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE!
DID I HEAR MY NAME?
PLEASE, KIDS-- TELL US YOU CAUGHT THE GHOSTS!
OKAY.
SHAGGY!
LIKE, I JUST WANTED TO MAKE HIM *HAPPY!*


MR. LEONARD, IT WOULD HELP US IF YOU TOLD US A BIT *MORE* ABOUT THE CASE.
WELL, FOR WEEKS, THE *REDEVELOPMENT* OF THIS OLD NEIGHBORHOOD HAS BEEN PLAGUED BY *GHOSTS*--
"--CLAIMING TO BE THE *ORIGINAL OWNERS* OF THE LAND IT SITS ON!
"AT FIRST, WE DISMISSED IT AS A *HOAX*.
"THE NEWSPAPERS RAN THE STORY, AND DESCENDANTS OF THE GHOSTS DESCENDED ON *US!*"
"THEN MY SENIOR CLERK, *MR. FROBISH*, FOUND ACTUAL DOCUMENTS *PROVING* THEIR CLAIM!
MY ANCESTOR *ELISHA POTTS* USED THE HARD-EARNED *GOLD* FROM HIS YUKON STRIKE TO BUY THIS LAND!
"THEY SAY THEY NEVER SOLD THE LAND TO THE CITY... AND NOW THEY WANT IT *BACK!*
IMPERIAL DEED
Grant
LAND GRANT
YEP, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED -- AND THE DEPUTY MAYOR, HERE, THINKS US *RESIDENTS* ARE BEHIND IT, TO STOP THE REDEVELOPMENT!
LOOK, REGARDLESS OF *WHO* THE LAND BELONGS TO, THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEEDS NEW BUILDINGS. THE OLD ONES AREN'T *SAFE!*

WE'RE RELOCATING EVERYBODY DURING CONSTRUCTION, AND GIVING YOU FIRST SHOT AT THE NEW APARTMENTS. EVERYONE WILL BENEFIT.
BUT THE DEAL WON'T GO THROUGH IF THESE GHOST AND LAND CLAIM PROBLEMS AREN'T SETTLED BY MIDNIGHT--TWO HOURS FROM NOW!

GOOD!
LOOK, THE HAUNTING HAS TO STOP. SO, DAPHNE AND I WILL CHECK OUT THIS AREA...
...WHILE SHAGGY AND SCOOBY JOIN VELMA AT THE WEB CAFE NEARBY.
WHY DO WE HAVE TO GO THERE? LIKE, IS THIS A TRICK?

BECAUSE VELMA FOUND SOME CLUES ON THE INTERNET, AND...
...THE CAFE IS PILED HIGH WITH PASTRIES.
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO HEAR! LET'S GO, SCOOB!

BACK IN 1889, THERE WAS A GREAT FIRE IN SEATTLE. THE DESTRUCTION WAS SO BAD, SOME ENTIRE NEW STREETS HAD TO BE BUILT.
Pastries
SOOOOOO?
ROOOO?

THEY BUILT THE NEW STREETS ONE FLOOR HIGHER THAN THE OLD ONES.
YOU MEAN, LIKE, THE STREET LEVEL BECAME THE BASEMENT?
NEW STREET
OLD STREET

RIGHT. IT CREATED A WHOLE *UNDERGROUND NEIGHBORHOOD*... COMPLETE WITH DESERTED STORE-FRONTS AND DOORWAYS!
AND IT'S UNDER THE AREA WHERE THE *GHOSTS* HAVE BEEN APPEARING!
I-IT SOUNDS LIKE *STREETS OF THE DEAD!*
SOMEONE NEEDS TO CHECK IT OUT.
AND YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT SENDING SCOOB, RIGHT?
REY!!
LIKE, WHY DOESN'T ANYONE EVER TAKE *MY* SUGGESTIONS?
GOOD THING WE BROUGHT ALONG THESE *RASPBERRY-AVOCADO WRAPS*. EVEN *I* WOULDN'T EAT ANY FOOD WE FOUND DOWN HERE!
Irene's NOTIONS and CURIOSITIES
MARKESON ST.
TRIXIE'S
REE REETHER!
SWEET SHOPPE
ZOINKS! MAYBE I TAKE THAT BACK. I MEAN, GUMBALLS DON'T *REALLY* GO BAD... RIGHT?
SHKOOP!
HEYYY-- A *SLIDING DOOR!*
THIS IS THE PART WHERE WE DO SOMETHING STUPID AND GO IN, RIGHT SCOOB?
REP!

MAN, THIS PLACE IS SO OLD, IT LOOKS LIKE THE SET FROM "GONE WITH THE WIND!"
RANKLY, RARLRET...
YIKES! LOOK AT THIS DUDE, SCOOB! AND HIS NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR!
ELISHA POTTS... 1829-1889. HMMM?
BOY, HE'S GOT A FACE THAT WOULD SCARE A...
ELISHA POTTS 1829-1889
RUN, SCOOB!
RHOST!!!
LIKE, RUN FASTER, SCOOBY!
NONE OF THE NEIGHBORS SEEM TO WANT THIS REDEVELOPMENT TO GO THROUGH.
WELL, THEIR FAMILIES HAVE LIVED HERE FOR GENERATIONS.
CLOSED
DO YOU THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE REALLY FAKED THE HAUNTINGS? I'D SURE--

SHAGGY!
RUN!
GRO
WHY?
GRO
RHOST!
OH!
SMT
JINKIES! AM I LUCKY I RAN INTO YOU GUYS!
HI, VELMA! 'BYE, VELMA!
UH...DID I SAY "LUCKY"?
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SHAGGY, YOU AND SCOOB WILL--
...BE THE DECOYS. WE KNOW!
NOT QUITE...

BEHOLD THE TRESPASSER!!!
HI, GUYS! GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT TO OUR BLOCK PARTY!
NORRIS construction
CONCRETE

WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BALL!

IT'S THE PERFECT LIFT--
IF YOU'RE FEELING DOWN IN THE DUMPS!

LOOKS LIKE WE BAGGED THEM ALL!
ROOBY ROO!

YEP, TWO OF THE "DESCENDANTS"... AND THE CITY CLERK!
BUT... HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I FOUND FLAWS IN THE *PHONY DEEDS* YOU MADE UP. CERTAIN PLACES REFERRED TO IN THEM DIDN'T *EXIST!*
FOR INSTANCE, THE GREAT SEATTLE FIRE HAPPENED IN *1889*.
BUT THE DEEDS WERE DATED *AFTER* THE FIRE, WHEN SOME OF THOSE PLACES HAD ALREADY BURNED DOWN!
AND SCOOB AND ME DISCOVERED SOMETHING *ELSE* DOWN IN THAT *FREAKY UNDER-GROUND!*
THE PICTURE OF THE *REAL* ELISHA POTTS SAID HE DIED IN *1889*.
BUT HIS *PHONY RELATIVE* CLAIMED HE BOUGHT THE LAND WITH GOLD FROM THE *YUKON GOLD STRIKE*... WHICH DIDN'T HAPPEN UNTIL *1897!*
MY OWN CLERK, WORKING WITH CROOKS TO TRICK US OUT OF THE LAND! THEN YOU WERE GOING TO SELL IT BACK TO US!
IT WOULD HAVE WORKED IF NOT FOR THOSE *MEDDLING KIDS!*
NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH THE DEAL!
NOT QUITE, MR. LEONARD. THE SECRET TUNNEL SHAGGY FOUND RUNS RIGHT *UNDER* THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. THAT MEANS THESE BUILDINGS ARE AS OLD AS WHAT'S UNDERGROUND.
AND IF THE TUNNEL IS A LAND-MARK, THEN SO IS THIS *NEIGHBORHOOD!*
THEN WE'LL BUILD NEW HOMES SOMEWHERE ELSE. TODAY, WE'VE WON A LITTLE HISTORY... AND A *LOT* OF COMMUNITY!
THE END

SCOOBY-DOO AND THE
SKELETON SKARE!
WELL, GANG, HERE WE ARE--THE SITE OF THE YUKON WINTERSPORTS CHAMPIONSHIP!
I DON'T GIVE A BONGO WHERE WE ARE, FREDDIE, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT, LIKE, THE FARM OF FEAR!
THE SITE OF OUR LAST CASE, SHAGGY? WHY?
TERRANCE GRIEP JR. -- writer * JOE STATON -- penciller
JEFF ALBRECHT -- inker * TOM ORZECHOWSKI -- letterer
PAUL BECTON -- colorist * DIGITAL CHAMELEON -- separations
HARVEY RICHARDS -- ass't editor * JOAN HILTY -- editor
DCSD205
'CAUSE THAT PHANTOM SCARECROW WAS, LIKE, THE S-SP-SPOOKIEST MONSTER I EVER SAW...AND THAT'S SAYING SOMETHING!
WELL, SHAG, UNLESS YOU'RE AFRAID OF CROWDS, YOU SHOULD BE FINE. AND BESIDES, YOU SAY THAT AFTER EVERY CASE!
I WONDER WHERE TED IS! HE SAID THAT HE'D MEET US, uh...
...HERE

TED! TED Sr. MORITZ! IT'S YOU!
I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU IN THAT OUTFIT! I'LL BET YOUR OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T!
HEY, GUYS! HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LONG?
ACTUALLY, TED, WE JUST GOT HERE. WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND.
WELL, THEN... LET ME SHOW YOU ON MY WAY TO THE TRACK!
SEE, EACH COMPETITOR--OR SLIDER--IN MY EVENT GETS TO MAKE FOUR RUNS FROM START TO FINISH, AND KEEPS HIS BEST TIME. SO FAR, I'M IN THE LEAD...
...KNOCK ON WOOD!
THIS PROPERTY IS SO BEAUTIFUL, TED... AND WHAT A BIG CROWD!
NK NK
YEAH. THE ONLY PEOPLE NOT WATCHING THE SKELETON CHAMPIONSHIP ARE THE OCCUPANTS OF THE LOCAL PRISON!
"S-SK-SKELETON"?
FINISH
OH, "SKELETON" JUST REFERS TO THE CHASSIS OF THE ORIGINAL SLEDS, WHICH RESEMBLED A SET OF BONES.
BONES...?

SURE. THAT'S WHY I NAMED MY SLED "FASTBONE." I'M DETERMINED TO SEE MY SLED TAKE FIRST PLACE!
THE AREA USED TO BE THE TOUCHWOOD LUMBER CAMP, UNTIL IT BURNED TO THE GROUND. SUPPOSEDLY, THE GHOST OF A LUMBERJACK HAUNTS THE TRACK, BUT...
FINISH
ZAHOOHWAZ
JINKIES--! WH-WHO'S THAT?
OH, THAT'S FLEA SPEEDWELL FINISHING HIS FINAL RUN. THAT OTHER FELLOW IS THE JUDGE AND TRACK OWNER, TRISTON SMITH, ALONG WITH HIS ASSISTANT.
FINISH
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOT ONLY HAS FLEA SPEEDWELL TAKEN THE LEAD FROM TED ST. MORITZ, HE'S DONE SO BY BREAKING THE WORLD SPEED RECORD!
WOO! WAY TO GO, FLEA!
CONGRATULATIONS, FLEA! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF FASTBONE AND I TRY TO BREAK IT!
HA! "TRY" IS RIGHT, DUDE!
CHEE, WHAT A SQUARE...
OH, FLEA'S JUST COMPETITIVE, IS ALL. IF NOT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, I'LL BET WE'D BE FRIENDS.
AND SPEAKING OF THE CHAMPION-SHIP...

"...IT'S TIME FOR MY NEXT RUN."
START
GERONIMO!
LOOK AT TED GO! NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP HIM!
DON'T BE SO SURE! LIKE, LOOK!
RUNNING NEXT TO THE TRACK, FOLLOWING TED! IT'S A...
WHAT IS THAT?
TIM-BERRRR!
THIS LAND, SHE IS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF BUTCH LeFEU...
?!
...AND YOUR SLED DISTURBS MY SLEEP!

LEAVE THIS PLACE...OR I WILL FELL YOU LIKE A FOREST!
TED! TED, LOOK OUT! YOU'RE ABOUT TO HIT...
...A CURVE!
SHLOOM!
RUH-ROH!
OOH...AND THAT C-CURVE HITS BACK!
THE GHOST! HE'S DISAPPEARED!
NEVER MIND HIM, FRED...
"...WE'VE GOT TO GET TED TO THE INFIRMARY!"
IT'S AN ANKLE SPRAIN. NO BREAKS, JUST PAINFUL.
ARGH!... YOU'RE TELLING ME, DOC. RUSHING OFF THE STARTING BLOCKS WILL BE...
INFIMARY
WILL BE OUT OF THE QUESTION, TED. I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'RE NOT RACING!
BUT-BUT-BUT... FASTBONE HAS TO CROSS THE FINISH LINE! I MEAN, LOOK!

"THAT'S LARRY "HARD LUCK" HARDWICK, OUR *SLOWEST* RIDER, MAKING HIS FINAL RUN!
"I'VE GOT TO GET FASTBONE ACROSS THE FINISH LINE...OR *FLEA* WILL WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP!"
WELL, WHAT ABOUT A *SUBSTITUTE?* I COULD...
FRED, ARE YOU PULLING MY LEG? WITH YOUR WIDE SHOULDERS, I DON'T THINK YOU'D FIT DOWN THE CHUTE. AND YOU'RE TOO HEAVY!
A SUBSTITUTE WOULD HAVE TO BE LIGHTER. SOMEONE LIKE...
SOMEONE LIKE WHO?
OH, SHAAAA-GGEEEEE--!
WE'VE GOT A GHOST TO GRAB AND A RACE TO RUN. HERE'S MY *PLAN*...
SCOOBY SNACKS
LIKE, HERE WE GO AGAIN

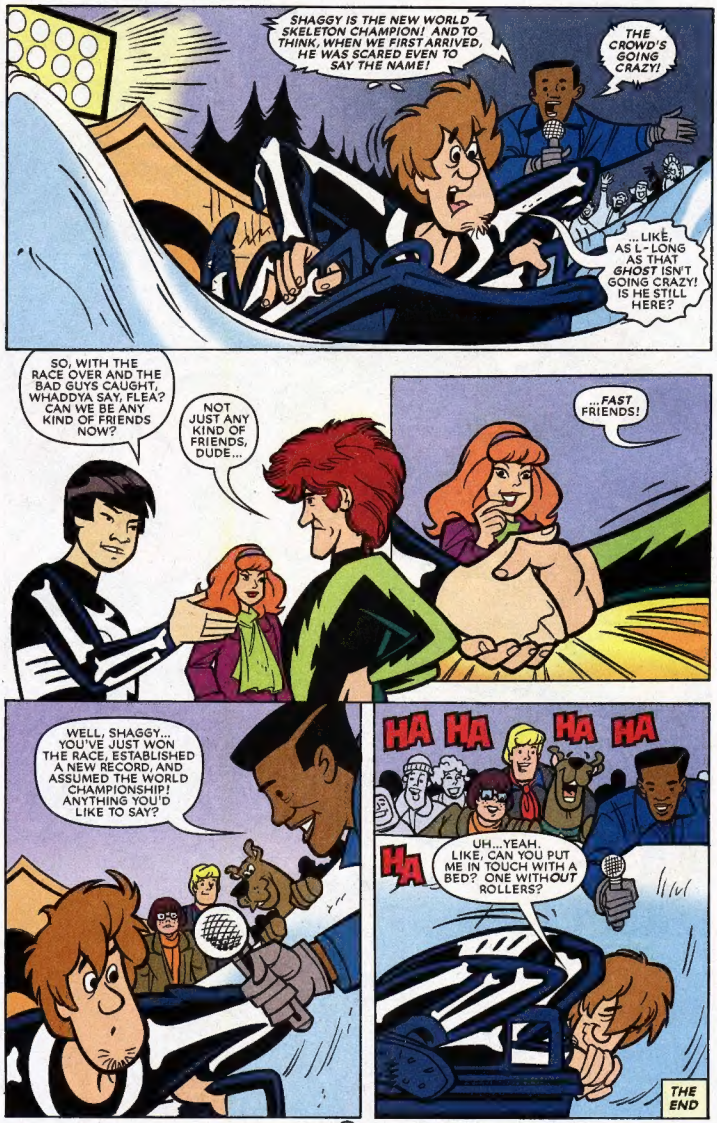
OKAY, GANG--OUR TRAP'S ALL SET. NOW ALL WE NEED IS SHAGGY--OUR BAIT--TO START FASTBONE'S FINAL RUN.
FRED, ARE YOU KIDDING ME *AGAIN?*
"WHEN I SAW SHAGGY AT THE STARTING BLOCKS, HE WAS TOO SCARED TO MOVE! AND YOU USED UP ALL YOUR SCOOBY SNACKS JUST TO GET HIM IN UNIFORM!"
RHAGGY...
IX-NAY, PAL-O-MINE! LIKE, I'M NOT GONNA LOOP ANY LOOP THAT'S HAUNTED BY AN UNCOOL GHOST!
"THAT'S OKAY, TED. WE'VE FOUND *ANOTHER* KIND OF FUEL FOR FASTBONE..."
I MEAN, I AM STAYING *RIGHT HERE!*
EXCUSE ME, MISTER SKELETON SLIDER, SIR, BUT, ahem
...BOO.
ZOINKS! THE *PHANTOM SCARECROW!*
LIKE, THE *CHICKEN BONE'S* CONNECTED TO THE *FASTBONE!*
HEE. SHAGGY...
SHWEWWW--!

ZOINKS! FIRST THE PHANTOM SCARECROW, NOW THE GHOST OF BUTCH LeFEU!
SO! YOU 'AVE CHOSEN TO IGNORE OLD BUTCH'S WARNING!
LIKE, ARE WE DISTURBIN' YOUR LUMBER SLUMBER? I, LIKE, TOTALLY RELATE, NATE!
TIME TO PUT OUR PLAN INTO MOTION. HERE COMES SHAGGY...
"...AND HERE COMES THE GHOST!"
OLD BUTCH, HE HAS A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU, MON AMI... A FASTBONE!
HEEEEELP!
THERE GOES SHAGGY!
TIME TO SPRING OUR TRAP!
SEE, YOU WANT FASTBONE TO WIN, AND THIS LOUDMOUTHED LUMBERJACK DOESN'T WANT IT TO RUN. SO MAYBE NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME...

...TO AIR OUT OUR DIFFERENCES!
SACRE BLEU--!
YOW!
SMOOMP!
ZUT ALOO...
...OORS!
SPLOOT!
FINIS
YO! WE HEARD SOME SHOUTING, AND WE...
Uh, IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
I DUNNO. WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS--?
NOW, LET'S FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS HOT-HEADED HAUNTING!

TRISTON SMITH!
RIGHT ON! TRISTON ASSUMED THE ROLE OF GHOST, KNOWING HE'D SCARE EACH SLIDER INTO CRASHING. THAT WAY, NO ONE WOULD NOTICE THAT THE JUDGE WAS MISSING. THEN...
WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE...
THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! BY HAUNTING THE TRACK, TRISTON SMITH WOULD ONLY RUIN HIS OWN RACE!
MAYBE. BUT HE'D MORE THAN MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE BY *SMUGGLING INMATES* OUT OF THE LOCAL PRISON!
WHAAT? H-HOW...?
FINISH
WHEN WE FIRST ARRIVED, WE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE TED BECAUSE OF HIS *OUTFIT*. THAT TURNED OUT TO BE OUR *FIRST* CLUE... EVEN BEFORE WE REALIZED WE'D STUMBLED UPON A MYSTERY!
THROUGH A HIDDEN TUNNEL LEFT OVER FROM THE OLD TOUCHWOOD LUMBER CAMP, MR. SMITH WAS ABLE TO SNEAK INMATES FROM THE PRISON AND INTO THE FINISH STATION.
WELL, SO WHAT--? THE SECOND A PRISONER LEFT THE STATION, HE'D JUST BE *RECAPTURED!*
NOT IF HE WAS *DISGUISED!* EACH INMATE WOULD EMERGE FROM THE FINISH STATION DRESSED AS A *SLIDER!*
A SLIDER? BUT...

"LARRY HARDWICK WAS WORKING WITH SMITH -- HIDING WITHIN THE FINISH STATION WHILE A PRISONER WOULD WALK AWAY PRETENDING TO BE HIM!"
THAT'S WHY HARDWICK ALWAYS LOSES... BECAUSE HE'S BEEN WORKING WITH SMITH ALL ALONG, NOT BECAUSE HE'S SLOW!
NOT SO FAST, SLOWPOKE!
AND W-W-WE W-W-WOULD HAVE G-G-GOTTEN AWAY W-W-WITH IT, IF NOT F-F-FOR...IF NOT F-F-FOR... SAY, COULD I GET OUT OF THIS S-S-SNOWBANK NOW?
P-P-PLEASE--?
AND VERY SOON...
WELL, SINCE THE POLICE HAVE CORRALLED THE ESCAPED CONVICTS, AND WE'VE CAUGHT THE TWO MASTERMINDS... I GUESS THAT WRAPS UP ANOTHER MYSTERY!
SENSATIONAL NEWS, SKELETON FANS...
PRESTON
RCMP
...THE SPEED RECORD THAT WAS SET BY FLEA SPEEDWELL HAS BEEN SHATTERED!
GOSH! IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, WE FORGOT ABOUT THE SKELETON CHAMPIONSHIP!


SHAGGY IS THE NEW WORLD SKELETON CHAMPION! AND TO THINK, WHEN WE FIRST ARRIVED, HE WAS SCARED EVEN TO SAY THE NAME!
THE CROWD'S GOING CRAZY!
...LIKE, AS L-LONG AS THAT GHOST ISN'T GOING CRAZY! IS HE STILL HERE?
SO, WITH THE RACE OVER AND THE BAD GUYS CAUGHT, WHADDYA SAY, FLEA? CAN WE BE ANY KIND OF FRIENDS NOW?
NOT JUST ANY KIND OF FRIENDS, DUDE...
...FAST FRIENDS!
WELL, SHAGGY... YOU'VE JUST WON THE RACE, ESTABLISHED A NEW RECORD, AND ASSUMED THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP! ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY?
HA HA HA HA
HA
UH...YEAH. LIKE, CAN YOU PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH A BED? ONE WITHOUT ROLLERS?
THE END